

ARSENIC IN HER BODY.

Enough of the Poison to Kill Six Men Taken from Stomach of Mrs. Wilson Who Died Mysteriously.

HER HOUSEKEEPER IN JAIL.

So, Too, Is Son of Old Recluse, and Feeling in Willimantic, Conn., Is Strong Against Youth Who Loved Servant.

(Special to The Evening World.)
WILLIMANTIC, Conn., Dec. 27.—Following the discovery of poison sufficient to kill half a dozen persons in the stomach of Mrs. Julia Wilson, formal complaint will be drawn up by the State's Attorney against Mrs. Lella Manson and George Wilson, who are in jail awaiting the outcome of the investigation of Mrs. Wilson's death. They will be arraigned before a Justice of the Peace to be committed for the Grand Jury.

Poison Was Fed to Her.
Mrs. Wilson died two weeks ago under suspicious circumstances. Coroner Bill began an investigation and ordered Mrs. Manson, the old lady's housekeeper, and the son, George Wilson, to jail before he had gone very far into the inquest. Mrs. Wilson's body was exhumed and her organs turned over to State Chemist Dr. A. J. Wolff, of Hartford. He has not completed his analysis, but the cause of Mrs. Wilson's death is no longer a mystery. It only remains to establish whether she was tortured to death by a slow administration of the poison, or given a dose which caused immediate death.

According to State's Attorney Hunter, the poisoner of Mrs. Wilson worked with deadly deliberation. Her stomach was ulcerated and her lips corroded by the acid, showing that toward the end the poison was administered in large doses. He thinks that it will be shown that the poison was fed to the old woman for nearly a month before her death.

Left Stains on Her Mouth.
"Mrs. Wilson was murdered by means of arsenic, administered to her by some persons in whom she must have reposed confidence," said the State's Attorney. "Sufficient arsenic has been discovered by the chemist making the analysis to kill an entire family." I received my first report from Dr. Wolff yesterday afternoon, and to-day he sent a supplementary report to me. His final report will not be ready for another fortnight.

"When he has finished his work he will be able to tell whether Mrs. Wilson was tortured through several weeks or given a dose of poison that caused immediate death.

"Dr. Wolff informs me that he found the stomach in a terrible condition. It was badly ulcerated, and I believe that he concludes that whoever the murderer is, he or she worked with fiendish deliberation and cruelty.

"It is probable that arsenic had been fed to the old woman for more than a month previous to her death. The marks of the poison were left on the dead woman's lips. That indicates that toward the last the irritant poison must have been administered in strong doses. It may be definitely announced, too, that carbolic acid was not used. Arsenic alone, in all probability, was given to Mrs. Wilson."

Feeling Against the Son.
The feeling in Ashford against George Wilson is growing very bitter. There is little likelihood of his remaining in the neighborhood of his old home if he should escape prosecution. Some of his neighbors believe that he was so infatuated with Mrs. Manson that he was blinded to the crime which was being committed under his eyes, but others, and the State officials are among these, are more sceptical.

The officers have learned that George Wilson was with Mrs. Manson when she purchased an ounce of arsenic and was with her when she attempted to make a second purchase. It is also known that it was he who refused to permit a physician to be called in to attend his mother.

Coroner Bill said Mrs. Manson in jail on Christmas Day. She refused to make any statements regarding herself or her relations with the Wilsons. The statements that she was kept in solitary confinement are denied. She has been told that the State will assign her counsel, and also placed at the disposal of the attorney named to look after her interests.

DIES FROM LOCKJAW.

Clerk Who Accidentally Shot Himself Passes Away.
Henry Rilly, thirty-three years old, of No. 115 Taylor street, Williamsburg, died in Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, to-day from tetanus poisoning.

Rilly, who was a clerk, was hunting for ducks on the Great South Bay a week ago, when his shotgun was accidentally discharged, the lead penetrating his foot. He was taken to Seney Hospital, where blood poisoning set in, resulting in lockjaw.

Spasms developed last night, and in one of them this morning he died. The doctors at the hospital said the wound had not been properly treated before Rilly was taken to the hospital.

Former Consul Is Dead.

ROME, Dec. 27.—Former United States Consul-General W. S. Jones died here suddenly this morning of heart disease.

Guaranteed Cure for Piles.
Ruhing, Blind, Meeding and protruding Piles. No cure, no pay. All arguments are authorized by the manufacturer of Pazo Ointment to refund the money where it fails to cure any case of piles, no matter how long standing. Cures ordinary cases in six days; the worst cases in fourteen days. One application gives ease and rest. Believes itching instantly. This is a new discovery, and it is the only pile remedy sold on a positive guarantee, no cure, no pay. Price 50c.

ACTRESS WHO WAS KNOCKED DOWN AT THEATRE DOOR AND THE DRUNKEN CABMAN WHO ATTACKED HER.



CABMAN KNOCKS MRS. FISKE DOWN

Drunken Jehu Seizes Actress by the Hair at Theatre Door and Then Fights Her Maid on the Sidewalk.

MAD RIDE DOWN BROADWAY.

The woman who was seized by the hair and thrown to the pavement by a drunken cabman at Sixth avenue and Thirty-third street last night was Miss Fiske, the frail little star of "Mary of Magdalen" at the Manhattan Theatre. Although she shrank from the painful publicity of prosecuting the man it was deemed best to make an example of him in view of the growing brutality of New York cab drivers. The man was arraigned to-day in Jefferson Market Court.

Mrs. Fiske and her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, live at the Murray Hill Hotel. As the actress, with her maid, started from the hotel for the theatre last night, the first cab in line at the entrance was one driven by James McCaffrey. He drove up, apparently master of himself, and the women entered the cab.

It was not long until they realized that the driver was drunk. He drove through Forty-third street in the direction of Broadway at a gallop, the cab swinging from side to side. At Broadway, instead of slackening up to avoid a collision on turning into the street, he went around the corner at top speed.

Down Broadway the wild ride continued, the fortune that attends drunken cabmen kept the vehicle from disastrous collisions. Cars were missed by the breadth of a hair, other cabs were grazed after time.

It would be better to say that the cabman did not stop. The horse did. Although McCaffrey beat the patient beast with his whip and howled to those in front of him to get out of the way so that he might turn into Thirty-third street in order to deposit his fares at the stage door of the Manhattan, the horse stood still.

Mrs. Fiske tried the doors of the cab and found that she could open them. The maid jumped out first and then assisted Mrs. Fiske to the street. Without looking back at the cabman the terrified woman started a run through the crowd in the direction of the stage door.

McCaffrey saw them. He did not wait to climb down from his perch. He reached the street with one leap and in a few strides was up with little Mrs. Fiske, who, encumbered by a heavy gown and furs, could not run fast.

McCaffrey reached out, sunk his burly fist into the great mass of the actress's red hair, and with a jerk he pulled her from her feet and stretched her prostrate on the ground.

Mrs. Fiske screamed. The maid turned and plucked at the big cabman's arm, begging him to let her go. He looked back at the actress and pushed her away. "I started after them and said to one of them that I begged her pardon, but she had forgotten to pay her fare. I didn't mean to knock her down or put my hands on her, but I was so drunk that I fell against her and pushed her. I am sorry for it, and that's all I can say."

In his own behalf the cabman said that he had been working long hours, that he had eaten nothing all day, that it was the fault of drink that he had lost two fares during the week and that he was sorry.

"I didn't know who the lady was when I took her in the cab," he said, "but I know now. I'm mighty sorry I forgot myself."

Magistrate Duell fined McCaffrey \$5. Although cabman McCaffrey asserts positively that it was Mrs. Fiske who knocked down and his description of the scene fits that of the actress, though the Sergeant of the Court Squad in Jefferson Market and the policeman who made the arrest assert Mrs. Fiske was knocked down by McCaffrey, and although Assistant Stage Manager Harrison would not deny that it was Mrs. Fiske when he was in court to-day, Harrison Grey Fiske assures The Evening World that it was not his wife. He says it was a friend of Mrs. Fiske's, Mrs. Stevens, who lives at the Hotel Manhattan.

There is a Mrs. Stevens and a Miss Stevens at the Manhattan Hotel. They were seen by an Evening World reporter this afternoon and stated emphatically that they are not friends of Mrs. Fiske and do not even know her and that they were not out in a cab yesterday, and never had trouble with a drunken cabman in their lives.



THIRTY DEAD IN BLAZING WRECK OF FAST TRAIN.

(Continued from First Page.)

thrown on top of the first-class coach, instantly killing a great many and pinning about fifty other passengers in the debris.

"The screams, moans and prayers of the injured were heartrending. One poor woman begged that her child be saved as she was dying. The little thing was carefully taken from the wreck and will probably recover. The mother was afterward released and taken to the other car, but only to die in a few minutes.

"One woman died singing, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' while another died in her husband's arms, singing, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'"

"The trainmen, as well as every passenger, did all they could to relieve the sufferings of the victims."

The freight was under slow headway and was to have taken the side-track at Wansstead to allow the passenger train to pass. Apparently neither engineer saw the danger ahead in time to avoid the accident, for the two engines came together near the west switch with a frightful crash, overturning into the ditch.

The baggage and express cars telescoped into the smoker with appalling results. The wreck was complete, and it is thought that hardly a single passenger in the smoker escaped injury. The other cars of the passenger train remained on the track. As soon as the accident occurred word was sent to this city and doctors were soon on the scene. The work of removing the dead and injured was then proceeded with. Among the known dead are Engineer Gillies, of Sarnia, and the fireman of engine 980 of the express.

RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED.

When the Pacific flyer left this city shortly after midnight it was speeding along at fifty miles an hour as it reached Wansstead. No stop is made by the express at this point, and the engineer, intent on catching up with his schedule, sent the train along at full headway.

As he neared the town he sighted the headlight of the fast freight straight ahead and rushing toward him. He should have passed it at Strathroy.

While he looked ahead he noticed that the freight was on the same track with the express, and immediately he whistled down brakes and attempted to reverse his engine to avert a collision.

But while he tugged and strained the freight came thundering along, and the two trains, still at high speed, crashed together.

Most of the passengers in the sleepers were thrown from their berths, and those who could scrambled out of the cars, thinly clad.

The weather was at zero point and haste was made to carry the injured into the rear coaches, where they were cared for while news of the wreck was telegraphed to this city.

DEAD ARE TAKEN TO LONDON.

When the train bearing the dead, consisting of an engine, a passenger coach, freight caloose and a Pullman coach, the blinds of the latter drawn, reached this city and pulled up at the Grand Trunk freight sheds, a ghastly sight was presented. Down both sides of the aisle of the Pullman battered bodies lay in blood and silence—old, middle-aged and young; mothers, fathers and little ones, alike victims of the terrible disaster.

There were twenty-five bodies in the car. Some were crushed beyond human resemblance, some were swollen and bruised and some lay with mouths open as if death came upon them in the midst of their horror-stricken cries. Within the freight-house twenty-five coffin boxes were in readiness.

All the undertakers in the city were called into service, and immediately upon the arrival of the train the work of removal began.

The bodies were taken from the car through one of the windows and one of the doors, and were carried on box-lids into the shed, where they were ranged in a row for identification. There were seventeen men, six women well advanced in years, one young woman about twenty-five, and one little eleven-year-old girl.

The faces were so covered with blood that it seemed impossible to identify them. Several were recognized by their pocket papers, however, but there are still about ten who are as yet unknown.

OPERATOR IS BLAMED FOR THE COLLISION.

MONTREAL, Dec. 27.—Supt. McGilligan, of the Grand Trunk Railway, states that he is not in a position to give out a list of the killed and injured in the wreck at Wansstead last night. He says he cannot understand how the operator who is charged with the mistake made such a blunder.

"He is one of the oldest and most reliable operators. He went in the service with the Great Western Railway in 1871. It appears he failed to give the order to the passenger train to meet the freight at the station. Everything possible has been done to aid the injured."

THIRTY MINERS KILLED IN TRAIN COLLISION.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 27.—By the collision of two heavy freight trains on the Colorado and Southern road near Trinidad, Colo., Christmas evening, thirty

lives were lost. The first reports gave six fatalities, but it is now known that a large number of coal miners were beating their way to Trinidad, and were crushed and buried in the debris. Workmen have dug out fifteen bodies, and to-day they uncovered a miner who was alive, but died later from his injuries. He said there were fourteen men in the car with him and all were killed.

SAYS WIFE LED DOUBLE LIFE.

Detective Swears Mrs. McConnell Had Apartments in Harlem, Where She Was Known as Mrs. Hayne.

SHADOWED SINCE OCTOBER.

The papers filed in the suit for divorce brought by Alexander McConnell, the wealthy New York florist, against his wife, Mabel, at White Plains, show that Mr. McConnell has had two detectives shadowing his wife since last October. Their affidavits are attached to the summons and complaint. One of these, made by William W. Wright, of No. 33 Pearl street, Brooklyn, tells how Wright traced Mrs. McConnell to No. 20 West One Hundred and Twentieth street, where it is alleged Mrs. Hayne had apartments.

Wright showed two elevator boys employed in the house a photograph of Mrs. McConnell and they assured him, he says, that it was a photograph of a woman who lived in the building under the name of Mrs. W. L. Hayne.

Wright further says that "Mrs. Hayne," when she went out, generally took a New Haven train at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, or else boarded a suburban train at Harlem River for New Rochelle.

It is reported that Mrs. McConnell intends to fight the suit. It will be tried before Justice Keogh at White Plains, probably on the first Saturday in January.

HANGED HERSELF IN POLICE STATION

Nellie Dalton Put a Ribbon Around Her Neck and Tied it to Door Bar.

Nellie Dalton, known as the "Irish Queen," or "Irish Nell," to frequenters of the saloons and the police on the lower west side, hanged herself last night in the Mercer street police station and ended an existence that had been miserable for years.

She had been arrested for drunkenness and half an hour after being put in a cell was found by the matron suspended by a neck ribbon, one end of which she had fastened to a door bar.

Dr. O'Connell, of St. Vincent's Hospital, was called, but was unable to save the woman.

In her day "Irish Nell" was a fine-looking woman, but her good looks disappeared by a neck ribbon. She was thirty-nine years old. A man known as Paddy Dalton, who sometimes passed as her husband, is said to be dying in one of the hospitals. The woman, when arrested, gave her address as No. 10 Varick place. The people there say they did not know her.

THREE DEAD IN A WRECK.

Passenger Train in Collision on Illinois Central.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 27.—Three persons are reported killed in a collision on the Illinois Central between a passenger and work train near Caneyville, Ill.

LAW TO REMEDY CAR CRUSHES.

The Legal Committee to Advise Merchants' Association Holds Its First Meeting to Discuss Ways and Means.

MAY CALL ON LEGISLATURE.

A meeting of the legal committee which has volunteered to assist the committee of the Merchants' Association of New York on Franchises and Transportation was held at the room of the association in the New York Life Insurance Building this afternoon. William E. King presided. The others on the committee are John C. Eames, H. E. Towne and E. L. Duval. In calling the meeting to order Mr. King said: "I don't know of any more important question today in the city of New York than that of transportation facilities. It is decency versus indecency. The railroad corporations have had various ways and means of obtaining charters and then selling and leasing them to one company and another, that it is a question where we are to look for redress."

"The corporations have grown so bold that they make the public feel that they are their masters instead of their servants. What we want is absolute home rule in the control of these railroads. We elect our city officers to look after these, and they should do so. If the city officers cannot do so, we on Tuesday will appear before the Railroad Commissioners of the State, and if they have not the power, then we must appeal to the Legislature."

"The railroad companies contend that they cannot accommodate during our rush hours the crowds that want to ride. Everyone knows that the rush hours are from about 5 o'clock to 6:30. There are no rush hours in the morning, for the tide of travel downtown extends from about 6:30 to 10 o'clock, and the service at these hours and in the middle of the day is the worst possible."

"It is not the question as to what they call accommodation but what we call accommodation. We are in this fight for a square deal, and the Merchants' Association will stand by you financially or in any other way that you may want."

"If we have to go to the Legislature bills will have to be prepared before the coming session of the Legislature is over, but if we cannot get them prepared before that time I am quite sure the Governor will call a special session. We intend to get justice if we have to turn the State upside down."

"The Merchants' Association has branches and members in almost every city and town in the State, and every night we have won as been through our members up the State. Now we will win this battle in the same way, and while we are about it let us look to the beautifying of the city and the question of taxation. Mr. Grock is willing all in his power to help us in this respect, and President Canor and the Board of Commissioners will help all they can. The idea of an elevated station that is covered with advertisements is ridiculous and should not be tolerated in any city in the State."

These officers of the Legal Committee were appointed: Theron G. Strong, Chairman; William H. Shepard, Vice-Chairman; Francis X. Butler, Secretary.

Strong on taking the chair said: "I am in hearty sympathy with the objects of the Merchants' Association and this meeting. I believe that this is a movement in the right direction. New Yorkers are a long suffering community. We all realize what a disgrace the accommodations furnished the people of New York are. These accommodations would not be tolerated in any other cities. The disposition on the part of the transportation companies seems to be to reduce rather than make more facilities for travel."

BIG POLICEMAN VICTIM OF DUTY

Nearly Two Decades of Service on the Bridge End in Death from Pneumonia and Kidney Trouble.

WAS KNOWN TO THOUSANDS.



Many persons who daily cross the Brooklyn Bridge will miss the face and the big figure of Policeman Patrick Carroll, who died at his home, No. 250 Ninth street, Brooklyn, this morning. There was hardly a more familiar character on the New York police force than Carroll.

Nineteen years ago he joined the bridge squad and there have been few days since that time that he has not been at his post. More than six feet in height and broad of shoulder, he attracted the attention of thousands who passed him as they hurried to and from their cars. It is said he could call thousands of them by their names, while thousands more nodded pleasantly to him each morning.

Carroll was a quiet man and when his hours of watching on the bridge were over he generally went to his home in Brooklyn, where he had a wife and four children. On Friday of last week he seemed to be weak when he came to work and Policeman McKeogh advised him to report sick and go home. But he did not heed the warning and an hour later sank to the ground, overcome by exposure.

Policeman McKeogh helped carry him inside, and he was later driven to his home, where pneumonia, complicated with kidney trouble, set in. He struggled hard to withstand the double attack, but it was too much for him.

His death is pointed to by bridge policemen as another in the long list of men who have died while on duty, patrolling along the driveways, the hardest on the force and that one after another the strong men who have been there for years gradually succumb to the terrible exposure.

HANSON WEBS HIS "SUNBEAM."

Man Who Was Sued for \$25,000 for Alienation of Mrs. Carnes's Affections Marries Her.

NAMED IN DIVORCE SUIT.

Arthur Hanson has married "Little Sunbeam," otherwise known as Mrs. Nellie Carnes, and in this is the sequel to the divorce proceedings which entertained New York for a hot week during the summer.

Mr. Hanson will not say when or where they were married, contenting himself with the reserved statement: "I'll tell you nothing except that the little woman and myself were not married in a church or anything like it, and that we only met again very recently. As to the divorce obtained by her husband she was only too glad to get rid of him and let judgment go by default."

Hanson and Frank M. Carnes were partners in the Liebig Meat Extract Company, of No. 48 Hudson street. After a year of suspicion, with the accumulation of what he considered sufficient evidence, Mr. Carnes brought suit for \$25,000 damages against Hanson, charging him with alienating the affections of his wife. He lost it. The divorce suit followed.

Mr. Carnes produced several letters which he said were written by Hanson to Mrs. Carnes and which were addressed variously: "Little Sunbeam," "Dearest Nellie," "My Dearest Bargain Counter" and "My Dearest Sweetheart." Hanson admitted that these had been written by him, but that they had been addressed to the young woman in Brooklyn whom he was engaged to marry, and that coincidentally her name happened to be Nellie. Other coincidences were that the Brooklyn Nellie did about the same things according to Mrs. Carnes, but Hanson declared they were merely striking coincidences. Mr. Hanson chivalrously refused to give the name of the Brooklyn young lady.

EAGLE AND WILD CAT IN A FIGHT.

Dead Rabbit Was the Prize, and Two Veracious Westchester Hunters Tell the Tale.

George F. Smith and another hunter of northern Westchester County tell of having witnessed to-day a desperate battle between a large eagle and a wild cat over a rabbit they had shot near Long Ridge, Conn. Smith says the eagle swooped down upon the rabbit the instant the latter dropped dead in the snow. A moment later an enormous wild cat with a shrill cry leaped from a tree nearby and landed on the eagle. Then followed a desperate fight, during which the eagle's feathers flew in all directions. Both were bleeding badly, but the cat finally caught the eagle by the throat and shook it like a dog does a rat.

At last the cat released its hold and it was seen that the bird was dead. The hunters tried to shoot the wild cat, but it escaped. They secured the eagle and will have it stuffed.

